

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Pol. That's good.

Play. Run barefoot up and downe, threatning the flames,
With Bison-rhume, a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her lank and all ore-teamed loynes,
A blanket in the alarme of feare caught up.
Who this had seene, with tongue in venome steep,
'Gainst fortunes state would treason have pronounc'd:
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husbands limbes,
The instant burst of clamor that she made,
Unlesse things mortall move them not at all,
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods.

Pol. Looke where he has not turned his colour, and has teares
in's eyes: prethee no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, Ile have thee speake out the rest of this soone.
Good my Lord doe you see the Players well bestowed, doe you
heare, let them be well used, for they are the abstract and briebe
Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better have a
bad Epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My Lord I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Gods bodkin man much better, use every man after his
desert, and who shall scape whipping? use them after your owne
honour and dignity, the lesse they deserve the more merit is in
your bounty: Take them in.

Pol. Come sirs.

Ham. Follow him friends, wee'll heare a play to morrow; doest
thou heare me old friend, can you play the murder of *Gonzago*?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Wee'll hav't to morrow night: you could for need study
a speech of some dosen lines, or sixteene lines, which I would set
downe and insert in't, could you not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well: follow that Lord, and looke you mocke him
not. My good friends, Ile leave you till night, you are welcome
to *Elfenour*.

Exeunt Pol. and Players.

Ref.

Prince of

Ref. Good my Lord.

Ham. I so, God buy to you.

O what a Rogue and pesant
Is it not monstrous that this
But in a fiction, in a dream
Could force his soule so to
That from her working all
Teares in his eyes, distracti
A broken voice, and his wh
With formes to his concei
For *Hecuba*?

What's *Hecuba* to him, or
That he should weep for her
Had he the motive, and tha
That I have? he would drow
And cleave the generall ear
Make mad the guilty, and a
Confound the ignorant, and
The very faculties of eyes a
A dull and muddy metled
Like *John-a-dreames*, unpr
And can say nothing, no no
Upon whose property and m
A damn'd defeat was made
Who calls me villaine, break
Pluckes off my beard, and b
Twekes me by'th nose, give
As deep as to the lungs? wh
Hah? s' wounds I should tak
But I am pigeon liver'd, and
To make oppression bitter, c
I should have fatted all the
With this slaves offall: blo
Remorselesse, trecherous, le
Why what an Assie am I? t
That I the sonne of a deare
Prompted to my revenge by
Must like a whore unpacke